

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Gloster. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.
Sh. And please your Grace, here my Commission staves:
And Sir *Iohn Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloster. Must you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?

Stanley. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.

Gloster. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kinde office, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

Elienor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Gloster. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Elienor. Art thou gone? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue bene afeard,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie,
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elienor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfries* Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Elienor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast bene Conduct of my shame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elienor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.

Elienor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

*Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,
to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangeness of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Kneee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbow'd Kneee,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,

And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England,
First note, that he is neere you in descent,

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,

Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,

That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.

By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,

Suffer them now, and they le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectually.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:
And had I first bene put to speake my minde,

I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.
The Duchesse, by his subornation,

Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:
Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,

Yet by repute of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successiue Heire,

And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,

By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,

And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barks not, when he would steale the Lambe.

No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloster* is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,

For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,

Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,

From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmlesse Dove:

The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah, what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

For hee's dispos'd as the hatefull Rauens.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne,
King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:

But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloster. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:

I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Gloster. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:

A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from muddie,

As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,

And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Gloster. Is it but thought to? What are they that thinke it?

I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.

So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I Night by Night, in studying good for England.

That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,

Be brought against me at my Tryall day.

No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,

Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much:
Gloster. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of.

Gloster. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

For I should mele at an Offenders teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:

Vlesse it were a bloody Murtheer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,

I neuer gaue them condigne punishment,
Murtheer indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd

About the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall.

To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,

My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloster. Ah, gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,

And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,

And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:

And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,

I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:

For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolke* cloudie Brow his stormie hate;

Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:

And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt backe,

By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.

And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,

And with your best endeouour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:

I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,

And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.

I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:

The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable:
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person

From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbayded, chid, and rated at,

And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
I will make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here,
With inominious words, though Clarkely coucht?

As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Qu. But I can giue the lofer leaue to chide.
Gloster. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloster. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.

Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnawing, who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloster.*

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia-
ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;

My Body round engirt with miserie:

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For